AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

NEW MASQUE

CALLED THE

DRUIDS.

(Price Six-pence.)

BRITISH

AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

NEW MASQUE

CALLED THE

DRUIDS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE WORDS CHIEFLY TAKEN FROM

BEN JONSON;

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

MR. FISHER.

LONDON:

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M,DCC,LXXIV.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

CARDINAL DE RETZ;

CONTAINING

The PARTICULARS of his own LIFE,

The most secret Transactions of the FRENCH COURT, and the [illegible] WARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH NOTES.

The beſt memoirs I know of are thoſe of the Cardinal de Retz: I hardly know any book ſo neceſſary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find how great buſineſs is really carried on, very differently from what people who have never been concerned in it imagine. In ſhort, you will, in every page of that book, ſee that ſtrange inconſiſtent creature Man juſt as he is.

Lord Cheſterfield's Letters to his Son.

Characters introduced.

MEN.

BRIDEGROOM,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
1ſt DRUID,	Mr. REINHOLD.
1ſt SHEPHERD,	Mr. DU-BELLAMY.
2d SHEPHERD,	Mr. FOX.
HYMEN,	Maſter GEORGE.
CUPID,	Maſter LOADER.
Speaking DRUID,	Mr. BOOTH.

WOMEN.

BRIDE,	Miſs DAYES.
VENUS, PASTORAL NYMPH,	Miſs BROWN.
GRACES,	Mrs. BAKER. Mrs. OGILVIE. Mrs. WILLEMS.

CHORUS of DRUIDS, &c.

AIRS, &c.

PASTORAL SCENE.

Shepherds advance.

AIR I.

First Shepherd.

I.

SWEET, O ſweet, the warbling Throng!
O'er the white embloſſom'd Spray,
Nature's univerſal Song
Echoes to the riſing Day.

II.

Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, decay,
And the dancing Sun-beams now
Dazzling in the Waters play.

AIR

AIR II.

Second Shepherd.

Tune your Pipes, your Reeds now ſound,
In revel Notes ſalute the Fair;
Now lightly o'er the Green-Sod bound,
And welcome all the Noble Pair.

RECITATIVE.

Secure your Flocks may graze and bleat,
And in the Vale no Miſchief meet.

CHORUS.

Then let our Pipes ſound; let us dance, let us ſing,
And the liſt'ning Groves with loud Echoes ſhall ring.

Speaking DRUID.

A faithful Servant haſt thou been,
Induſtrious, active, ſober, clean.—
But Love hath turn'd thy motley Brain,
Brought little Wiſdom to a Grain.—
Purſue thy Love in Virtue's Path,
Fair *Colombine*, and all ſhe hath,

Shall

Shall ſoon be thine—Truſt to my Aid—
Thou ſhalt be happy with the Maid.
The gen'ral Joy that echoes round
Our ancient Oaks, ſhall not be found
A Niggard in her Gifts. Our Lord intends
All ſhall be happy who are Virtue's Friends.

VENUS *and* GRACES *appear.*

RECITATIVE.

VENUS.

It is no common Cauſe, ye will conceive,
My lovely Graces, makes your Goddeſs leave
Her State in Heav'n, this Day to viſit Earth:
Love late is fled away, my eldeſt Birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my Son,
And if long abſent, *Venus* is undone.

AIR.

VENUS.

Spy, if you can, his Footſteps on the Green,
For here, as I am told, he late hath been.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Find ye his Track?
1ſt Grace. Not I.
2d Grace. - - - Nor I.
3d Grace. - - - - - Nor I.
Omnes. Ah! *Cupid* loſt!

RECITATIVE.

VENUS.

Perchance he hath got ſome ſimple Heart to hide
His ſubtle Shape in; I will have him cry'd.

AIR.

VENUS.

She who will but now diſcover
Where the winged Wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a Kiſs
From the Object of her Wiſh:
But who brings him to his Mother,
Shall have that Kiſs, and another.

CHORUS *of* *GRACES.*

But who brings him, &c.

[VENUS *and* GRACES *retire.*

CUPID

CUPID *advances.*

AIR.

CUPID.

Come, my little jocund Sports,
Come away, the Time now ſorts;
With your Revel fill the Air,
Now triumph, Mirth, and hence with Care!

RECITATIVE.

CUPID.

Well done, Anticks,
By my Arms this Feat was done,
That hath ſo much Honour won,
Unto *Venus* and her Son.

[VENUS *and the* GRACES *advance.*

VENUS.

What Feat, what Honour is it that you boaſt,
My little Straggler? (I had given you loſt.)
With all your Games here—

CUPID.

Mother?

VENUS.

Yes, Sir, ſhe——
What might your glorious Cauſe of Triumph be?

AIR.

CUPID.

That to tell I may not ſtay,
Hymen's Preſence bids away,
You my Sports may here abide,
'Till I call to Light the Bride. [*Slips away.*

HYMEN *advances.*

RECITATIVE.

HYMEN.

Venus, is this a Time to quit your Car?
To ſtoop to Earth, to leave alone your Star?
The Day-Sports over, to adorn the Night,
And give th'approaching Nuptials greater Light.

AIR.

AIR.

HYMEN.

Haſte, *Venus*, haſte, now ſunk the Day,
'Tis gentle Night that beſt can pay
The Uſury of long Delights,
She owes to theſe protracted Rites.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS.

My *Cupid*'s Abſence I forgive and praiſe,
That me to ſuch a preſent Grace could raiſe:
Now thrice hath *Juno* mix'd her Air
With Fire to ſummon our Repair.

AIR.

AIR.

VENUS.

Now, *Hymen*, ſtrive we all,
To grace this Feſtival;
Whole Showers of Roſes flow,
And Violets haſte to grow,
Strewed on this Green appear,
As *Venus'* Mead it were.

Venus. Now, *Cupid*,
Hymen. Now, *Venus*,
Cupid. Now, *Hymen*,
} Strive we all,
To grace this Feſtival.

RECITATIVE, *omitted.*

Let jocund Mirth and ſportive Glee,
Bring in their Train Feſtivity;
In antic Shapes and Fancy Dreſs,
In varied Forms let Taſte expreſs
Both Elegance and Happineſs.

AIR.

AIR.

[*Omitted in the Repreſentation.*]

That Beauty thus ſmiling and gay,
Crowns all my fond Wiſhes and Vows,
The Birds ſweetly bill on the Spray,
Their Plaudits chant forth on the Boughs.
On Ida bright *Venus* may reign,
Ador'd for her Beauty above;
But Mortals who dwell on the Plain,
Hail thee as the Daughter of *Jove*.

BRIDE *and* BRIDEGROOM *appear.*

DUET.

He. By Heaven thus plighted,
She. By Love thus united,
He. Each fully delighted,
Both. What more can be given?
He. The wonderful Bleſſing,
She. Is paſt all expreſſing,
He. Such Beauty poſſeſſing,
Both. An Emblem of Heaven.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ye Youths and Virgins, up and praiſe,
The God, whoſe Nights outſhine his Days,
Hymen, he whoſe hallow'd Rites,
Could never boaſt of brighter Lights.

DRUIDS *appear.*

INVOCATION.

Firſt DRUID.

Holy Druids,
From your conſecrated Woods,
Rocky Cliffs and ſilver Floods,
From their Margins fring'd with Flowers,
Hither move, forſake your Bowers;
Strew'd with hallow'd oaken Leaves,
Deck'd with Flags, and ſedgy Sheaves,
To yon' bright Dome now ſtrait repair,
But leave behind you all your Care.

AIR.

AIR.

First DRUID.

There the fair victorious Eyes
Make *Worth* only *Beauty*'s Prize;
There the Hand of Virtue ties
'Bout the Heart Love's amorous Chain,
Captives triumph, Vaſſals reign,
And none live there but the ſlain.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

First DRUID.

There grows th' Heſperian Bow'r, where fair Trees bear
Rich golden Fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

CHORUS.

DRUIDS.

Come, ſhut our Temple, and away.
Woden---our Deity, ſhall ſtay.
We'll ſerve no Sacrifice to-day,
Our Humour is to *feaſt*—not *pray*.

AIR.

First DRUID.

Bid all prophane away,
None here may ſtay,
To view theſe Myſteries,
But who themſelves have been,
Or will in Time be ſeen,
The ſelf-ſame Sacrifice.

CHORUS.

Fly then all prophane away,
Fly far off, as hath the Day;
Night her Curtain doth diſplay,
And this is *Hymen*'s Holiday.

AIR.

AIR.

PASTORAL NYMPH.

Oh, know to end as to begin,
A Moment's Loſs in Love is Sin.
You do our Rites much Wrong,
In ſeeking to prolong
Theſe outward Pleaſures;
The Night hath other Treaſures
Than theſe, (tho' long conceal'd)
Ere Day to be reveal'd——
Then know to end as to begin,
A Moment's Loſs in Love is Sin.

GLEE and DANCE.

Reign, chaſte and holy Love,
Which *Hymen* doth approve;
Without whoſe hallowing Fires
All Aims are baſe Deſires.

FULL CHORUS.

On *Hymen*, *Hymen*, call,
This Night is *Hymen*'s all!

FINIS.

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